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October 27, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

DETROIT

ADLAI STEVENSON:

Patrician with a Mission

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Articles and Reviews by · · · C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS
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For the Record

An imponderable in the election: the 7.5 million Americans who have reached voting age since 1952. This 7 per cent of the electorate could be the determining factor this year.

In Connecticut, Democrat Dodd is given a slight edge over incumbent Republican Bush. Right-wing Republicans are swinging from Bush to independent Republican Mrs. Suzanne Silvercruys Stevenson.

Adlai Stevenson's recent blast at the government security program ("for partisan political reasons innocent men and women [have been] pilloried") coincided with his visits to the home of Philip Graham, publisher of the Washington Post and Times-Herald, a leading figure in the ill-fated Paul Hughes plot to pillory Joe McCarthy). ... The Socialist Catholic Worker has announced its support of the United Auto Workers' boycott of the Kohler Manufacturing Company.

Senator McCarthy asked the Bureau of Internal Revenue last week whether it has taken steps to review the Fund for the Republic's tax-exempt status in view of the "constant smear" against those fighting subversion in the U.S.... The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee opens hearings to determine what part Soviet officials played in spiriting out of the country a two-year-old American child by her father, a Soviet redefector.

Senator Barry Goldwater, in upholding oilman Howard Keck's right to give $5,000 to the Republican Dinner Committee, disclosed that two union groups, the National Maritime Union and the CIO-AFL COPE, between them have contributed $25,000 to Democratic Senator Magnuson's campaign in Washington state.

The Supreme Court ordered new trials for Communist leader Steve Nelson and four others, convicted under the Smith Act, after the government admitted one of its principal witnesses, Joseph F. Mazzei, might have testified falsely in their trial.... The Court ruled that General Electric was empowered to fire employees for refusing to answer congressional questions about Communist activities (upholding a lower court decision).

Dr. Heinrich Schneider, President of the Saar Parliament, has urged that a neutral "third force" be formed in central Europe around a reunited Germany (the condition the Soviet Union had posed for German unification).... East Germany has completed its 135-mile railway circuit of West Berlin, important in the event of a new Berlin blockade.... Income taxes in booming West Germany have been slashed 10 per cent, retroactive to October 1.

Trade between the Communist bloc and the free world rose 24 per cent in 1955.... The West German Trade Union Federation has voted to reject any link with East German Unions so long as they "remain the tools of the Communist regime."... For the first time in eight years, the people of Poland are allowed to seal letters going out of the country.

An emergency plan to supply Europe with 500,000 barrels of oil daily, in case of a Suez Canal shutdown, could be implemented in one week's time, according to Interior Department officials.... Saudi Arabia assured the U.S. after the Suez Canal seizure that it had no intention either of hiking American oil royalty payments or of nationalizing its oil industry.... Colonel Nasser's grab of the Canal has already cost him nearly $80 million worth of U.S. economic aid, including shipments of locomotives and other heavy goods.

To everyone's surprise (particularly the government's) France's $850 million bond issue to finance its Algerian operations was oversubscribed by 100 per cent. (The government had threatened to raise taxes if the bond issue did not go over).... the French government is appropriating 714,000 acres of arable farm land in Algeria for distribution to the fellahin.

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Contents OCTOBER 27, 1956 VOL. II, NO. 23

THE WEEK 3

ARTICLES

Adlai Stevenson: Patrician with a Mission — John Dos Passos 11
From a Pre-Election Notebook — James Burnham 17
Letter from Los Angeles — Finis Farr 19

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 2
National Trends — L. Brent Bozell 8
The Campaign — Sam M. Jones 9
Foreign Trends — W. S. 10
The Liberal Line — Willmoore Kendall 16
The Law of the Land — C. Dickerman Williams 20
The Ivory Tower — Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. 21
Arts and Manners — William S. Schlamm 22
To the Editor 23

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The WEEK

● NATIONAL REVIEW endorses the candidacies of the following men and women for election to the U. S. Senate. Some we back with enthusiasm and gratitude. Others with reluctance, for one reason or another. We do not agree with every position taken by every one of them, but we believe that circumstances—whether their voting record, the platform on which they are running, or the local situation in the state in which they are competing for office—dictate a vote for them. In Connecticut, Suzanne Stevenson. In Delaware, John Williams. In Illinois, Everett Dirksen. In Indiana, Homer Capehart. In Iowa, Bourke Hickenlooper. In Kansas, Frank Carlson. In Maryland, John Butler. In New Hampshire, Norris Cotton. In Oregon, Douglas McKay. In South Dakota, Francis Case. In Texas, Thad Hutcheson. In Utah, Wallace Bennett.

● There seems to be no doubt that most of the defendants in the first two Poznan trials were technically guilty of the crimes with which they were charged; and these crimes were serious enough to call, from a normal legal standpoint, for heavy punishment, indeed for the death penalty. The fact that one defendant was acquitted and the others given only mild sentences proves the strength of the counter-pressures that are, for the moment at least, straining Poland's totalitarian regime. The Polish authorities are in a genuine dilemma. The present situation cannot be stabilized. They must either let "the thaw" go still further, with the risk of releasing still deeper opposition, or try to clamp down again in a new total freeze—a reversal that would lose all the domestic and international benefits of the de-Stalinization tactic.

● Governor Leader of Pennsylvania, tiring of his long journeys on the low road, stepped into the gutter the other day, when he told the people of Oakland, California, he hoped they could find a suitable offshore island on which to retire their former Senator, Richard Nixon. "I saw a [suitable] little place out in the bay today," Leader added to make absolutely certain every one in the audience knew he was referring to Alcatraz. It didn't go over very well. Governor Leader's cute explanations (he *might* have been thinking of Seal Island—"Richard Nixon is the trained seal of the GOP"—or of Treasure Island—

Nixon "is a great fund raiser") were for the record, not for public consumption. The purpose—the heaping of a little more dirt on the Nixon name—had been accomplished.

● The overbearing neglect of New York conservatives by the Republican State Committee last month, when Jacob Javits was nominated and thousands of petitions for Douglas MacArthur rudely ignored, has acted as a catalyst for a movement that may serve a highly constructive purpose. A committee has formed to organize a protest, write-in vote in behalf of Douglas MacArthur. Mr. Eli Zrake, chairman of the Committee to Draft MacArthur, has offices at 112 East 36th Street, New York 16, whence he is supervising the campaign and the task of instructing voters on the mechanics of the write-in vote. Mr. Zrake and his Committee reason—correctly, we believe—that New Yorkers have nothing to lose in voting for MacArthur in 1956, and very possibly a great deal to gain, in 1960, if the MacArthur vote is sizeable.

● Coexistence with Communism may look attractive to the chiefs of Western foreign offices, but it seems to have no appeal at all to the group that has the most direct and relevant experience to judge by, namely: the victims of Communism. As latest witness, the refugees from Communist China now crowded in Hongkong, who last week staged demonstrations that led to riot and bloodshed, in protest against Communist institutions operating in that city.

● The Establishment is taking no chances these days. Herman Talmadge, after the formality of a Georgia election, will join the U.S. Senate next January. To the rough lessons of his father's brand of Georgia politics, the very talented young Talmadge has added close study of history, law and the Constitution. His skepticism about foreign aid and the United Nations, his belief in States' Rights and limited government, have been bolstered by something more than "Southern prejudice." Sensing the formidable threat to the reigning Liberal order that his emergence in the Senate might hold, *Time* magazine with not even a news peg to hang it on has used its cover and three crowded pages to launch what may be defined as a preventive smear. Its burden is to brand Talmadge, by advance inference, as our coming No. 1 neo-fascist.

● Mr. James P. Richards, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has announced that among the subjects his committee is considering are: "the extent to which Communist rules are likely to be influenced by public opinion; whether or not economic pressures may cause the Soviet government to modify its foreign policy; the likelihood that there may be a freer movement of persons and information through the Iron Curtain in the future; and the possibility that the Soviet leaders may abandon their efforts to spread Communism to other nations." The Committee has called upon the usual roster of experts on the Soviet Union under whose guidance the West continues to retreat. And, as usual, Congress ignores the imposing roster of persons who have brilliant records of analyzing the Communist demarche. Why doesn't the Committee call on such experts as William C. Bullitt, James Burnham, William Henry Chamberlin, Whittaker Chambers, David J. Dallin, Isaac Don Levine, Jay Lovestone, Eugene Lyons, Gerhart Niemeyer, David Rose, William S. Schlamm and Freda Utley?

Friend Tito

Marshal Tito's first reaction to the decision to continue limited economic aid to Yugoslavia is that certain comments President Eisenhower made in his message to the Senate were "unacceptable." Mr. Eisenhower had mentioned Yugoslavia in a "degrading" manner; but not so degrading as to impel Tito to withdraw his outstretched hand. Now that the Yugoslav dictator has proved to the satisfaction of the President and the State Department that he is and wishes to remain independent of Moscow in foreign policy, which is the basis for further aid, he proceeds to prove to the world his total independence of Uncle Sam.

The Administration's finding of Tito's independence altogether begs the question (as Congress did also) whether it is appropriate and profitable that the United States, a Republic based on political liberty and economic free enterprise, should give aid and comfort to an admittedly Communist government based on totalitarian one-party political rule and economic socialization.

But let that pass for argument's sake. We must still ask: what objective assurance did the Administration obtain to prove Belgrade's eagerness for independence? What objective evidence is at hand? What condition was imposed by the fulfillment of which Tito could demonstrate his autonomy?

Was it the UN vote on Suez, where the Yugoslav and Moscow delegates stood firmly together against the nine other members of the Security Council? Is it the Yugoslav position on Communist China, proposed by Belgrade for UN membership, or on Formosa, which Tito declares belongs to the Communists? Is it Tito's defense of the Soviet position on disarmament, or his call for the liquidation of NATO?

One wonders on what basis American aid is denied to Red China, Poland, Czechoslovakia or Latvia.

The Self-Immolators

One of the dismaying developments in the present campaign is what might be called the purge-in-reverse going on within the Republican Party.

Mr. Eisenhower, though notoriously a man who does not like to be crossed, appears never even to have flirted with the idea of a purge of the kind attempted by Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, of Republicans who have failed to go along with the Eisenhower "program." In his public doings and utterances, moreover, he has circumspectly treated the Republican Party as that which, traditionally, it is, namely: a loose federation of local and state political parties that, in Presidential years, tightens up some, but not very much. In doing so, Mr. Eisenhower appears to have given many candidates for Congress more freedom than, in the current cant phrase, they can bear. He declined to superordinate himself to them, by imposing discipline from above, but they proceeded to subordinate themselves to him —by offering him a slave's obedience from below.

If the Benders succeed in equating public service by local officials with undeviating compliance with the will of the President, they will have brought about, as no purge in America ever has, the state of affairs our purging Presidents have always desired: such a concentration of power over party at the center that the local party organizations will be left, as in England, with nothing more important to say than "Yes, Milord."

We hope that enough of the self-immolators will be defeated to remind the balance of the basic character of our political system. That system is, above all else, calculated to tie the national legislature, itself rigorously separated from the Executive by the Constitution, to 531 constituencies and not the White House.

Formula for Blackmail

The United Nations, "standing seized" of the Suez question (as the parliamentarians put it), has acted vigorously to shove it as far under the rug as possible. By a Soviet veto (supported by the Yugoslav delegate) the Security Council rejected the Anglo-French proposal for a "Canal Users Association." A moment later the Council *unanimously* approved a six-point "basis for continuing discussion." A really elegant squaring of the circle.

The Suez issue thus remains, juridically, just where it has been since the initial act of seizure. Juridically, but not historically. Nasser, backed and actively advised by Moscow, rules and operates the Canal, unchecked. Every week that he does so reinforces his "historic claim," and weakens the formal indictment of his act of confiscation.

This is the inevitable consequence of the Eisenhower notion that the sole objective of foreign policy is "to preserve the peace." A foreign policy so motivated is in practice only a formula for yielding to blackmail. Gradually every nation, small or big, learns that if it threatens to start shooting, then America will grant what it demands.

From the point of view of the interests of the West —and therefore of America as leading power of the West—the policy objectives in the Suez affair should be: 1) resistance to Soviet intrusion into the Middle East; 2) adequately backed guarantees of free passage through the Canal; 3) protection of the Western strategic interest in the land bridge between Asia and Africa; 4) protection of Western economic interests in the Middle East.

In the name of peace, all four of these objectives are being sacrificed. Soviet intrusion is being not resisted but invited. Passage through the Canal is being left at the mercy of a proved treaty-breaker leagued with the Communists. The Middle Eastern economic stake is being jeopardized directly by the loss of control over the line of communication, and indirectly by the encouragement of further expropriation. Western control of the Middle Eastern strategic position is undermined.

And finally, even the peace, for the supposed preservation of which all this is sacrificed, is merely

surrendered to the will of the enemy, to be continued or violated at his choice and timing.

Such a peace, though it may win elections, can lose the world.

Bracken Lee, Independent

Our sister the *New York Herald Tribune* is up in arms at the news that J. Bracken Lee may get on the Utah ballot as an independent candidate for governor. Mr. Lee—so runs its reasoning—was "trounced" in the Republican primary; let him now loyally support Mr. Clyde, the regular Republican candidate. If he does not, the *Tribune* threatens, it will conclude, along with Mr. Clyde, that Governor Lee is a vain and vengeful man. And anyway, Mr. Lee "obviously is not an Eisenhower Republican."

That last, of course, is true and is why we hope Mr. Lee will get on the ballot. Mr. Clyde, as the *Tribune* concedes, almost surely owes his nomination to raiding of the Republican primary by Democrats bent on defeating Lee; he may be, that is to say, the choice not of Utah Republicans but of Utah Democrats, who like all Democrats and all Eisenhower Republicans everywhere, naturally don't like Mr. Lee. Our reasoning, as contrasted with the *Herald Tribune's,* would be as follows: Let Utah Republicans decide for themselves which matters more, party "regularity" or a chance to vote for J. Bracken Lee.

More Light!

John Kenneth Galbraith, in a letter to the *New York Times,* defends Mr. Stevenson's call for an early end to the draft, and does so, moreover, with phrases which, here and there, have a comforting libertarian ring to them. Characterizing the draft as a "regressive arrangement" which compels "young men to serve at less than the market rate of pay," Mr. Galbraith—a Harvard economist who serves, also, as speech-writer for Stevenson—maintains that by raising the salaries of the armed forces, the United States might succeed in attracting enough volunteers to look after the demands of the national security.

We agree with the nature of Mr. Galbraith's objections to compulsory military service. One tends to forget that conscription entails the suspension of any number of basic human rights; conscription, for example, allows the government to exact involuntary servitude, and to curtail essential civil liberties. But what, exactly, is Mr. Galbraith saying?

There are two broad questions to be solved. The first is whether, in a period of emergency, the state has the power to mobilize its citizens for the common defense. Most of us agree that that power is intrinsic in any organized society. Then we must ask whether we live in such an emergency. We do, Mr. Galbraith implies, but even then, it may not be necessary to conscript indiscriminately: it may be possible to meet the needs of the day by appealing for volunteers through the free market.

We should applaud any effort to determine whether we could adequately, and at reasonable cost, man the defenses of the nation with volunteers. If that is *all* that Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Stevenson are saying—if they do not mean to underrate the gravity of the crisis, if they do not mean to exploit complacency, if, indeed, they are for once turning their attention to ways of protecting the individual from the aggressions of the state—then Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Stevenson should be commended.

Mr. Stevenson could perform an immediate service, and one that would go a long way in persuading us of the purity of his intentions, by categorically renouncing Mr. Truman's beloved Universal Military Training, a plan to subject all American men, at all times, to compulsory military service, in the interest of giving them all a common experience. We should be glad to see UMT dropped forever from the agenda of the Democratic Party.

Witches

There's something about Hallowe'en. The child who dresses up as a witch, a ghost, a pirate, roasts apples over a bonfire of dead leaves, scribbles a cross in soap on a car window, rounds out the "3" in a 30-miles speed limit sign so that it looks like "80," upsets a garbage can, removes a welcome mat, rings a doorbell and threatens all manner of evil things unless ransom is forthcoming—forthwith—is having one whale of a good time. And if a window gets broken, a gate removed and permanently misplaced, or a couple of knees skinned when the terrified Blackbeard flies before the Town Grouch, well, that's Hallowe'en.

Or it was, until the Ladies with a Mission got busy. Now thousands of would-be witches, hobgoblins and pirates will be herded around from house to house by adults in (we are proudly told) more than six thousand communities and forced to collect money—not candy, or hot chocolate, or cider or doughnuts, but money—for UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund.

This, we are told, teaches children the "sense of responsibility toward others." Above all, it "gives purpose to Hallowe'en hijinks," a "reason for getting into costume." It is the start of a new, progressive, and worthwhile tradition for Allhallows Eve for which the new slogan is to be "sharing, not scaring."

But not everywhere, thank heaven. In Binghamton, New York, PTA President Mrs. Nicholas Ward had the temerity last week to come out against turning "trick or treat" into a UN strategic project ("kits for 25 available for only $1.00"). First, she said, because there is no guarantee the nickels and dimes would not end up in Communist countries, but mainly because it means "taking the fun out of Hallowe'en."

For which temerity Mrs. Ward was rebuked by the local newspaper and by church groups. The State PTA, meeting in emergency session, endorsed the project as "educational and character building." The League of Women Voters asserted it was still for the United Nations (and therefore anti-Mrs. Ward). The deputy director of the U.S. Commission for UNICEF issued a public rebuttal ("Are we going to let our children grow up without a sense of responsibility for others?"). A statement on policy is expected momentarily from the National Council of Christians and Jews.

Miss Beth Tormey, chairman of the project in the Binghamton district, issued the most crushing rejoinder: "How in the world," she asked, "are we to have world peace if people adopt this kind of attitude?"

To which we would respond in an ejaculation of our departing youth: "From ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties and Ladies with Missions, protect us, Oh Lord."

Hoffmana

Being a Pastiche of Reminiscences and Reflections of Paul G. Hoffman, Esq., as Garnered from Collier's Magazine, Issue of October 26, 1956.

On the cruelties and exorbitancies of the American political system, and the explaining of those cruelties and exorbitancies to General Eisenhower in Paris after he had consented to be President. "There were many hurdles yet to be overcome, chief of which was Eisenhower's nonrecognition that to win the Republican nomination called for active campaigning. He remembered that Senator Paul H. Douglas had suggested he run as candidate for President on *both* tickets. Now that he had made known his availability as a Republican, he felt it was enough. . . . Only with the utmost difficulty could the leaders of his campaign persuade him that in all fairness a Presidential candidate *must* make known his views on issues to the people before he runs."

On the niggardly cost of depressing Paul Hoffman. "I visited [Eisenhower] in his office overlooking the great plaza of [Columbia] University. I was depressed. Congress had just cut $200,000,000 from our request for vitally needed civilian aid."

On the unteamliness of rusty and old-fashioned convictions. "[When the President arrived in Washington] he supposed he was head of a team, that all his team would be working with him. His whole nature was such that he felt he had to win everybody over to his point of view, that once he had persuaded them they would wholeheartedly cooperate. . . . What Eisenhower did not grasp was the entrenched power of some of the greater figures on Capitol Hill and how deep and firm were the rusty, old-fashioned convictions in which they believed."

On a deeply felt conviction that Richard Nixon is not to be feared as a man secretly harboring rusty and old-fashioned convictions. "Some liberal Republicans are still unconvinced as to the Vice-President's attitude, holding that he has supported the program only out of personal loyalty to the President, that his original ultra-conservative views are unchanged. Based on what Nixon has said both publicly and privately, it is my view that he genuinely and deeply believes that the full Eisenhower program is best for the country."

On dangerous splinters in an otherwise healthy body politic, and the need for their extraction. "One splinter contains men like Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, Senator William Jenner of Indiana, Senator Herman Welker of Idaho, Senator George Malone of Nevada, who can be called the unappeasables. I shall not try to stigmatize the dangerous thinking and reckless conduct of these men except to say that, in my opinion, they have little place in the new Republican Party."

On the great transmutation of the Republican Party. "[The Republican Party has been reshaped] in the past four years to the point where it is hardly recognizable as the Republican Party of 1951."

On the nontransmutation of too many Republican senators, and hence on their shaky claim to the title Republican. "In the Senate, there are too many Republican senators who embrace none or very little of the Eisenhower program and philosophy."

On the joys of knowing that the electorate have the chance to vote this year for a party altogether different from the party for which they voted during the preceding fifty years. "On balance, as the President and his team wait the results of our elections next month, they can wait confident in the knowledge that the Republican Party they are offering to the electorate has moved farther in the past four years than in the previous fifty."

Regretfully, we put off our book section this week in order to make room for political news and analysis as we approach election day. We shall repay the book section, with compound interest, in November.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Eisenhower's Premises, Stevenson's Conclusions

For a while it looked as though Dwight Eisenhower's "peace issue" was money in the bank for the Republican ticket. Mr. Stevenson was like the fellow trying to make something out of a bowling game in which his opponent had just posted a 300 score. This was before the H-bomb test issue began to take hold.

Now, as the Presidential campaign moves into its third to last week, Stevenson is evidently going the President one better on the peace issue—in the eyes, anyway, of a good number of voters. And this for reasons that invited any political analyst worth his salt to call the turn many months ago. If the "peace issue" was a good one when the campaign got under way—and, in the light of Geneva's aftermath, all hands agreed that it was—the explanation lay in a changed popular mood, one that found the American people, at the margin, more impressed with the threat of nuclear destruction than with the threat of a Communist victory. It was the kind of mood that would spawn a lot of takers for a suggestion to do *something*—anything—about the nuclear war threat, however much it might intensify the Communist threat. Your correspondent was one of those who missed the boat when Stevenson, last spring, first proposed a halt in U. S. H-bomb tests.

The proposal was made following Stevenson's dismal showing in the early Presidential primaries, and it was dismissed in this column as a "desperate bid for attention" by a candidate who badly needed to prove that he was still alive. It was partly that, no doubt. At least with regard to timing. But current information suggests that Stevenson and his advisers believed, even then, that they had a potential fall campaign issue. If Republican organization men were right in thinking the voters would respond favorably to the fact of peace, without inquiring further as to the price that had been paid for it (and reports from local Democratic organizations substantiated the GOP assumption)—then a proposal advertised as additional peace insurance could conceivably go over big.

Accordingly, Stevenson tapped his trial balloon now and then during the summer months, but ever so gently—just often enough and hard enough to keep it in the air until the direction of political currents could be definitely ascertained. By the end of September, Democratic meteorologists reported conditions to be favorable. Stevenson decided to bear down. Hardly a speech by the Democratic candidate on his recent tour of the Far West failed to include emphatic demands for stopping U.S. H-bomb tests, and the proposal was enthusiastically cheered nearly everywhere he went. The Democratic National Committee was so impressed that it arranged for a Stevenson nation-wide TV broadcast to be devoted to the subject. Adlai Stevenson was ready to make the H-bomb question his No. 1 issue in the last weeks of the campaign.

This is not to imply that Stevenson's views about the H-bomb are insincere. On the contrary, the proposal blends perfectly with Stevenson's over-all approach to the Soviet problem. The point is rather that Stevenson would not have dwelt on the matter during a political campaign were it not for evidence that the majority of Americans, who care one way or the other about H-bomb tests, favor stopping them.

It may be recalled that three short years ago a national storm swirled around a man who had urged that the U.S. not *build* the H-bomb. The opinion was widely entertained that J. Robert Oppenheimer's H-bomb views were so outrageous as to constitute grounds, among others, for holding him to be a security risk. Today the Democratic candidate for President propounds a point of view with comparable implications vis-à-vis U.S. security. E.g.: Stevenson's original proposal to halt H-bomb tests coincided, give or take a few days, with Khrushchev's announcement that the Soviet Union had successfully completed the tests of dropping an H-bomb from an aircraft. The U.S., at that time, had not as yet performed the aircraft test. Several months later, the U.S. Air Force dropped an H-bomb over a Pacific atoll—and reportedly missed its target by four miles. Notwithstanding, Stevenson's proposal draws cheers.

One can agree with the President's charge that the proposal is "irresponsible." And with Republican warnings that Stevenson's H-bomb and draft proposals are undermining U.S. efforts to persuade NATO countries to strengthen their military establishments; that if put into effect, they might well deal a death blow to NATO. But one does not gracefully subscribe to the GOP indictment of Stevenson without adding that the chickens hatched by Eisenhower are coming home to roost.

In 1953, Dwight Eisenhower took command of a nation steeled to the cold war, a nation unsure about methods, but certain of its goals and resolute in its mood. Three years later Dwight Eisenhower was presiding over a flaccid, feckless, indifferent nation that believed, if it believed anything at all, that peace is the highest value. In the interim, the Eisenhower Administration had committed the nation to coexistence with the Soviet Union, and had endorsed the "spirit of Geneva." Most important of all, it had asked the American people to accept as a first premise in foreign policy Dwight Eisenhower's assertion that war is "unthinkable."

In a word, the Eisenhower Administration asked for it. If Mr. Eisenhower was to be taken literally when he said that presently perfected weapons and techniques make war unthinkable, then why *not* stop developing new weapons and techniques that will only make the holocaust more terrible?

It is unlikely that a sufficient number of voters associate H-bomb tests with their predilections for peace to swing the election to Stevenson. But the apparent fact that Stevenson's proposal will gain him more votes than it will cost him suggests that American pacifism is farther advanced than anyone realized when the campaign began.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

The States' Rights Ticket

"I know that whenever anyone votes for a choice of evils he still votes for evil."

With these words T. Coleman Andrews of Virginia, States' Rights candidate for President, summed up his hour-long denunciation of both major parties before an enthusiastic audience of 3,000 in Richmond's Mosque Theater. "The only hope for those who have been disfranchised by their parties is to vote for something they believe in. Such people cannot ever expect to develop respect for their point of view by voting for 'Tweedledum' or 'Tweedledee.' After all, the longest journey begins with a single step."

The official purpose of the rally was the formal notification of Andrews and former Congressman Thomas H. Werdel of their selection as the standard-bearers of a coalition of conservative individuals and organizations; but the practical effect of the meeting was a show of force. It provided visible and audible evidence that the opposition to the Republican and Democratic tickets is real and earnest and not without hope of making its strength felt in the election.

Rallying Points

Clarence E. Manion, former Dean of Notre Dame Law School, the keynote speaker, emphasized that the States' Rights movement is not a third but a *second* party, since both the Republican and Democratic parties and candidates stand for the same things. Dan Smoot, Texas radio commentator, read a statement of Adam Clayton Powell that President Eisenhower had assured the Harlem Congressman that the federal government would intervene in states where local authorities fail to enforce school integration.

The majority of the audience was composed of Virginians, but all of the South was represented and many Western and Midwestern states.

Federal meddling in the affairs of the states, from income tax to integration, was opposed by all speakers, with the further indictment that both major parties were not only irrevocably committed to a continuance of the present course, but were also guilty of an intolerable waste of the people's substance at home and abroad.

In a campaign during which many citizens have felt impelled to "explain," or even to apologize for, their preference for Eisenhower or Stevenson, the Andrews-Werdel rally offered the contrast of dedicated voters who proudly cheered their candidates. Commenting editorially, the Richmond *News Leader* said: "To find so much enthusiasm in the generally spurious world of partisan politics is a refreshing experience. A lot of Mr. Eisenhower's supporters in the South have long faces and some of Mr. Stevenson's backers are holding their noses, but these States' Righters last night had the old-time religion."

Surprising Strength

Most observers agree that the hastily formed States' Rights organization is showing surprising strength, despite its relatively few experienced politicians among many amateurs and a not insignificant fanatical fringe. The greatest impact of the Andrews-Werdel ticket is expected to be in Virginia where it is estimated that it will take upward of 150,000 votes from the major parties. There are even some observers in the state who believe that the States' Rights candidates have a chance of carrying the Old Dominion. (James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the *News Leader,* told this reporter that he does not exclude the possibility.)

Other analysts, Democratic and Republican, are agreed that Andrews will take more votes from Eisenhower than from Stevenson in Virginia. This is not likely to be true in most of the other Southern states where the Democratic Party has little or no Republican opposition. Florida might be the exception; there Andrews could represent the balance of power in the fight between Eisenhower and Stevenson.

Richard H. Middleton, chairman of the independent movement in the Charlottesville area, which Eisenhower carried by 1,000 votes in 1952, said the Andrews-Werdel ticket would win there this year. From Norfolk, William McKendree, an enthusiastic Eisenhower supporter in 1952, headed a delegation which he estimated at more than 300. He predicted Andrews will win the city, which Eisenhower took by more than 2,000 votes in 1952.

Leading a delegation of 200 from northern Virginia, Tenth District Chairman B. M. Miller said Andrews would draw more from Eisenhower Democrats and Republicans than from Stevenson backers. Arlington, in 1952, gave 22,158 votes to Eisenhower and 14,032 to Stevenson. In 1952 Eisenhower carried the Fifth District by 30,700 votes to Stevenson's 24,521. Stevenson won the Fourth by 27,312 to Eisenhower's 23,692.

In the metropolitan areas of Richmond, Arlington, Norfolk and Charlottesville, where the President apparently stands to lose more conservative backers than Stevenson, Eisenhower polled 84,080 votes in 1952 and Stevenson 56,188. In the Richmond metropolitan area, where Eisenhower won 60 per cent of the vote in 1952, a poll on September 25 showed him drawing 40 per cent, Stevenson 32 per cent and Andrews 19 per cent, with 9 per cent undecided.

If the States' Righters and the other third-party movements throughout the country show anything like their predicted strength on November 6, it will mean much more than a mass protest. It will mean more than local victories, and more than a new balance of power in some areas. It will provide evidence that new political alignments are not impossible or impractical. The immediate effect will be to stimulate and accelerate a better working coalition of conservatives in Congress. The States' Rights movement will possibly play an important, if indirect, part in the election of Congressmen in a number of districts.

Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

Is Adenauer Walking Out of NATO?

Western Germany is savoring an unprecedented prosperity, and yet there is the chill of autumn in the political air. Ahead is 1957—without doubt another year of decision for Germany.

It will be, in the first place, the year of general elections; and very few Germans expect the incumbent regime to emerge from them alive. Nor has there been a political resurrection for Adenauer in the meantime. He will formally stay in power until he dies, or until election day next October, whichever comes first; but even now he is being talked about with benevolent pity, at best. Poor, poor old man—to live to see the disintegration of all his hopes!

Even worse, Dr. Adenauer has been compelled to undo his own life work: on September 27, he announced that the military service in the new German Army will be reduced to twelve months. With this one announcement, *Der Alte* was admitting that he had lost his major bet. For Adenauer's policy was inseparably married to the NATO concept of a tight defense alliance of Western Europe, of a military establishment poised to resist any further advance of the Soviet bloc.

It was Adenauer's own choice, a few months ago, to make the vote on eighteen months of military service, as opposed to the twelve months demanded by the neutralist German Social Democracy, the very test of German intentions: he who wanted an effective NATO would vote for eighteen months as the rock-bottom minimum of an effective German contribution to NATO; while every vote for twelve months would have to be counted as a vote for German neutralism.

Thus, Adenauer's sudden withdrawal on his own test decision has been interpreted all over Western Europe as Germany's almost official withdrawal from NATO. Except Luxemburg, West Germany is now the only NATO member with military service commitments of only twelve months. Right after Adenauer's fatal announcement, NATO's Secretary General, Lord Ismay, called an emergency session of the NATO Council in Paris, and the meeting ended on the same note of distressed alarm with which it had begun. The representatives of Great Britain, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark and Norway notified the Council formally that their governments would not retain, in the face of the German turnabout, eighteen months of military service. But everybody at the Council meeting, and throughout informed Europe, knew perfectly well that a general European reduction from eighteen to twelve months of military service would be tantamount to a formal disarmament of NATO.

And Dr. Adenauer, in commendably blunt violation of diplomatic protocol, clarified publicly the motivations of his turnabout: The U.S., he said, had obviously decided to embark upon disarmament; and so Germany was no longer in a position to continue the principled policy of a Don Quixote.

Whereupon Mr. Dulles' complicated diplomatic machinery began to move. But even if it were considerably better than it is, that machinery could not possibly live up to its impossible assignment: to persuade Western Europe that Mr. Eisenhower's appeasement of Soviet Russia was meant for domestic consumption only, but that otherwise the U.S. would loyally honor its NATO commitments. There is hardly a European statesman around to buy that one. The Germans, in particular, begin to show a total sales resistance—as Senator Walter F. George and the Under Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Murphy, must have in the meantime sorrowfully reported back home.

Senator George, Eisenhower's newly appointed NATO Ambassador, barged into Dr. Adenauer's office the day after the announcement to deny that the U.S. had any disarmament in mind. The German Chancellor treated him with a rather piqued courtesy and an unshakeable distrust of Eisenhower's policies. Which confused Senator George so much that, at an official banquet given in his honor the same night, he couldn't remember, for the life of him, the name of the President of the Bonn Republic whom he was toasting. And then he got up for a second toast "to the great German Chancellor, Eisenhower."

Mr. Murphy, especially dispatched to Bonn by Mr. Dulles, was under orders to convince Dr. Adenauer that Admiral Radford's plans of Army reductions were still just plans. Eisenhower, Mr. Murphy told Dr. Adenauer, would certainly not consider them before election day. To no one's particular surprise, this argument did not impress Dr. Adenauer: aside from the fact that election day, after all, was only a few weeks off, the German Chancellor simply refused to believe that a President of the U.S. would stake the fate of the world on an election handicap. Dr. Adenauer rather assumes that Mr. Eisenhower *means* it. And as Mr. Stevenson is at least as anxious to disarm, Dr. Adenauer cannot pin his hopes on Mr. Eisenhower's defeat either. All in all, the able Mr. Murphy returned from Bonn quite depressed.

The next Very Important Person to arrive in Bonn, Andrei A. Smirnov, will have far more persuasive arguments to offer. Mr. Smirnov, for the last year Soviet Ambassador in Vienna, succeeds Valerian A. Zorin. Mr. Smirnov, who was one of the architects of Austria's State Treaty, is a postgraduate student of the Trojan Arts. A favored pupil of the late Vishinsky, Mr. Smirnov has been chosen to prepare a Soviet deal with the German Social Democracy.

What this deal will be is Europe's worst-kept secret. Every German politician anticipates that the Soviet Government will offer, in exchange for German "neutrality," the "reunification" of Germany. The German Social Democracy, in turn, is willing to welcome the German Soviet zone into the family even if this were to mean that the enormous block of East-German Communists would move into the *Reichstag* and the administration.

With a frightening fatalism, all Germany seems to have resigned itself to this development: more than three scores of non-Socialist members of the *Reichstag* have recently asked for official Soviet permission to "visit" the Eastern zone . . .

Adlai Stevenson: Patrician with a Mission

In this, the first of two articles on the Democratic candidate, Mr. Dos Passos probes the background of the reflective aristocrat who has come to champion the party of collectivism, neutralism and mobocracy

JOHN DOS PASSOS

It is amusing to try to imagine what Mr. Eisenhower's Russian observers will make of an American Presidential campaign. Of course what they will actually report is already settled: the "new Soviet man" has no choice. He has to view the proceedings as an exhibition of the final contradictions of capitalist degradation. But suppose one of them is fuller of Tolstoy and Dostoevski than he is of Marx and Lenin: what will he see? Certainly he will go back to Moscow thoroughly confused. Take care, Comrade X. The ceremony you are about to behold is full of dangerous confusions. Even after you have class-angled it all away there will be something left you'll have trouble in explaining. That trouble in explaining you may carry home to your friends. Its contagion may prove as disastrous to the Muscovites as chicken pox to the Eskimos. The least danger you have to look forward to, Comrade X, is a ruined career.

I have to admit myself that although I've been exposed since childhood to the confusions of Presidential campaigns every four years I still can't understand them. The results, for one thing, are so very paradoxical. The first campaign in which I was heavily involved emotionally was Wilson's against Hughes in 1916. We were mad for Wilson the peacemaker. "He kept us out of war" was the slogan of the Wilson soapboxers. Needless to say, Woodrow Wilson had hardly been sworn in on the Capitol steps before he was declaring war on Germany.

Now suppose Comrade X had been with me at the Liberal Party Convention on West 34th Street in New York one delightful evening early in the present campaign, what would he have seen? The first glimpse of the street would have given him pleasure indeed. The street outside the hall was full of police on foot and horseback; naturally, Cossacks to grind down the workers. But before our new Soviet man could have settled down to the pleasures of certainty—capitalist democracy is a fraud—he would have noticed that there were two kinds of workers being restrained on the sidewalk opposite the entrance to the hall. One group of well-dressed and well-fed young men and women were waving Stevenson placards while another group, equally well-dressed and well-fed, were angrily brandishing the initials ATU which formed the emblem of a dissident group of employees of the New York subways.

These young men were mad. They were booing and shouting and chanting derisive slogans. The Stevenson supporters were expostulating with them. "Can't you keep quiet? They are coming to speak on national and international issues." "We're here to bull Wagner," they would reply. It was not the ex-Governor of Illinois, who was about to arrive to receive the nomination of the Liberal Party, they were mad at. Presumably it was not the Liberal Party. It was Mayor Wagner who had refused to recognize their union. Now Mayor Wagner, as Comrade X would surely have known, was nourished from the cradle on his father's Wagner Act; by definition and inheritance he was the Friend of Labor. How confusing to a proper Marxist!

These dissident employees of the New York subways had managed to lash themselves up into such a frenzy that when the candidates of the great Democratic Party, their mouths full of national and international issues, arrived at the hall in a pair of funereal town cars behind an escort of roaring motorcycles, they booed them lustily. Since Mayor Wagner was nowhere to be seen they even booed the busy little red-faced man with a large nose who stood beaming down on them from a platform outside the hall. Between the booing and chanting and the roaring of the police motorcycles it was impossible to hear a word Adlai Stevenson said. It was only when the tall, mournful figure of Senator Kefauver appeared, staring down at the crowd through his large plastic-rimmed glasses with the eyes of a lost dog, that there was comparative silence. He blurted out his customary assurance that he was for everything and everybody with some effect. "I'm for all of you," he cried.

The Nicest People

Meanwhile inside the hall the elderly labor leaders and the social workers and the college professors and the pundits on the platform are settling back with a self-satisfied listening expression on their faces. After the confusion of the heckling and the ovation that greeted the arrival of their candidates, after the uproar and the handclapping and the acrobatics of the photographers and the teetering of the floodlights and the snaky uncoiling of the cables of the television cameras, they are settling back contentedly to play their part in the main business of the evening. Only the chairman shows a hangover of the first confusion by muffing the ritual cadence of his nominations. In fact he finds himself inexplicably nominating Estes Kefauver for United States Senator.

"That was unintentional," he groans in apology.

Of course the audience sympathetically laughs off these little Freudian errors. They are all such nice people. Nice people on the platform. Nice

people in the gallery. The audience is made up of just about the nicest people in New York, kind good plump jowly people, well-heeled but not rich, people who in their day have made sacrifices for worthy causes. Looking them over by the way, it doesn't look as if they had suffered great losses by their Liberalism. The good cause has triumphed. Many of them are incrusted in the bureaucracy of labor unions, colleges, foundations. Many of them have built up lucrative practices in the law, in public relations, in labor relations. Even so some of them can remember the old days when the cops were beating them on the head with their nightsticks. It's a reminiscent audience; they first banded together as Liberals a couple of decades ago to support the idealistic aspects of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. It has all come to pass. They have grown gray in the Liberal faith. Here is a man who expresses for them its fulfillment. At the sight of Adlai Stevenson smiling from behind the microphone the audience purrs like a gigantic cat.

Adlai Stevenson is a nice man himself. He too is beaming with good intentions. He makes it up to them all for the confusions and heartburnings of the evening. Those rude picketers. He makes them laugh. This is the sort of audience he is really at home with. He treats them to a series of witticisms at the expense of the Republican Administration. He couldn't be more amusing. His delivery is crisp and unassuming. Instead of the greasy pomp of the run-of-the-mill politician, he has humor, the self-deprecatory manner of the accomplished after-dinner speaker. The man is agreeably shy; he doesn't take himself too seriously. Through it all there emerges the serious intent. Under the sparkle of the after-dinner speech he has serious things to say he does not intend to leave unsaid. What he has to say is exactly what the members of the Liberal Party want to hear. It is just what they've been thinking all along. It's just what they have been thinking for the last twenty-five or thirty years. They listen to him enthralled.

Comrade X from Moscow, had he been present at the Liberal Party Convention, would have had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. If at the sight of America's industrial might doubts had risen in his mind as to the inevitability of the worldwide dictatorship of his Communist Party they would have been quickly stilled. This was the way they talked in Russia before the Bolsheviks took power. He would have seen these nice people before in Budapest and in Poland and in Prague. He would have seen them pop like puffballs at the sight of an automatic pistol. But perhaps, in spite of his Marxist certainty that the professional Liberals, detaching themselves from the capitalist class, must inevitably pave the way for the coming of the Communist conquerors, he would still have had a question to ask. Why? Especially in America, why?

Answer to a Prayer

We most of us grew up with the idea that the better element must be induced to take an interest in politics. No man has ever more adequately filled the specifications of that prayer than Adlai Ewing Stevenson.

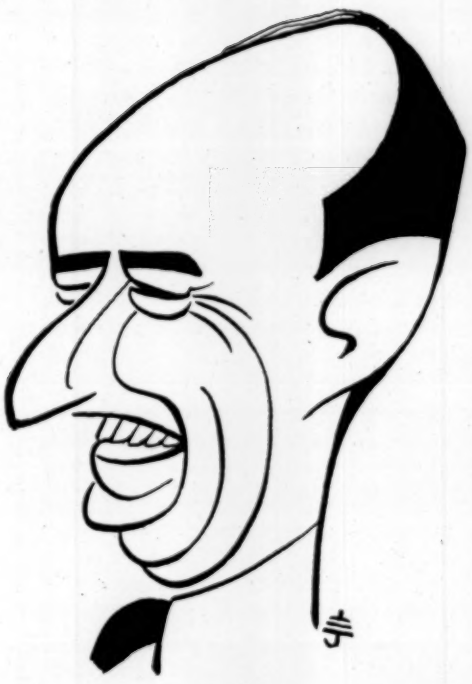
He comes from a family that has represented the better element in Middle Western politics for three generations. The Stevensons filled somewhat the same sort of role in Bloomington, Illinois, that the Taft family filled in Cincinnati. Young Adlai was brought up in a household crammed with the historic traditions of American statesmanship. The good traditions. During the absorbtive years of his childhood, the grandfather he was named for was still living, a stately blue-eyed old man, hearty enough to run for Governor of Illinois at 73 and almost make it. Young Adlai and his sister regularly ate Sunday dinner with these grandparents. His sister tells of the long Presbyterian grace which preceded the meal and the long political yarns that followed it. The first Adlai Stevenson was a storyteller of the grand old school. Enough of the flavor of these yarns remains in the political reminiscences he published towards the end of his life to make the book still readable. The long Sunday dinners were torture to the children, but in spite of the tightness of the Eton collar and the misery of sitting still, it is likely that the small boy stretched his ears wider than he knew.

The first Adlai Stevenson, a small planter's son, was born in Kentucky but moved to the black soil belt of Illinois before the Civil War. There he studied law and married the daughter of a college president and grew up with the booming countryside in the tradition of cornfed oratory and homespun storytelling of Abe Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas and Robert Ingersoll. At the end of his life he loved to describe the Lincoln-Douglas debates on the Nebraska bill. He never quite shook off his Kentucky background. He remained a Democrat. He campaigned for Douglas against Lincoln. With the ebbing of the Republican tide in 1874 he was elected to Congress, and became a leader of the low tariff soft money party in Illinois. So much so that Grover Cleveland during his first term appointed him Assistant Postmaster General. He headed the Illinois delegation to the Democratic Convention in 1892 and was himself nominated for the Vice Presidency. (Cleveland was a hard money man. It was inevitable that the second place on his ticket should go to a greenbacker.) In 1900 he was nominated for the Vice Presidency again and campaigned with William Jennings Bryan in his unsuccessful crusade against imperialism and the gold standard.

Grandmother Stevenson was a personage in her own right, one of America's first clubwomen. She helped found the Daughters of the American Revolution which was intended by its founders to bring together women of gentle birth from the North and South with the aim of healing the rift left by Reconstruction. She also was busy in the formation of an organization of mothers to interest themselves in public schools which was the ancestor of the Parent-Teacher Associations.

Golden Age

The present Adlai's father, Lewis Green Stevenson, inherited the family's Democratic affiliations. He seems to have been an exuberant, erratic sort of a man, a great faddist for health foods and dumbbells and fresh air and orange juice. He was a businessman of very varied occupations. He managed a group of Illinois farms and an important mining property for old Mrs. Hearst. In 1900 he was assistant manager of William Randolph



Eli Jacobi

Hearst's *Los Angeles Examiner*. This was why his son was born in California instead of in the family mansion at Bloomington.

Young Adlai's mother was the granddaughter of Lincoln's great friend Jesse Fell. She too was very much of a personality, an intense, slender woman with gray eyes and glossy black hair. There was an elegance about the way she carried herself that people never forgot. There was a strong Quaker streak in her upbringing. She shared her husband's health fads. She was terribly afraid of germs. She hated smoking. She coddled and dominated her children. Some felt she dominated them too exclusively. They were all Republicans on her side of the family. It was through her that Adlai inherited his financial interest in a Republican newspaper, the *Bloomington Pantagraph*.

Adlai and his sister grew up in the center of a large well-to-do, well-educated and affectionate family, surrounded by grandparents and great-aunts and aunts and uncles and cousins in the twin Illinois towns of Bloomington and Normal.

A delightful childhood. Always plenty of cousins to play with. The children went off on winter vacations with their Davis grandparents in Florida. July and August they spent in Charlevoix in Northern Michigan where both sets of grandparents had summer places. Charlevoix in those days was one of those old-fashioned resorts, frequented by the rich and fashionable to be sure, where a frontier simplicity was still the rule. Even the rich and fashionable had to keep up the pretense that they were just camping out in the north woods.

When young Adlai was twelve he was a party to an unhappy accident. With a group of cousins he was practicing the manual at arms with a twenty-two rifle supposed to be unloaded. It happened to be in his hands when the gun went off, killing one of the girl cousins instantly. It was only through the sympathetic solidarity of all members of the bereaved family that the tragedy was kept from bearing down too hard on the boy. When a newspaperman asked him about it far along in his political career he was able to say quite truthfully that he had not thought about it in forty years.

Life Was Not Easy

In spite of the luxury and wealth of his upbringing Adlai Stevenson was never a man who found life very easy. His schooling was scrappy. His courses at the Normal High School were broken up by trips to Florida, by a trip abroad with his mother, by a move to Springfield when his father was appointed to fill an uncompleted term as the Illinois Secretary of State. He failed his college board exams and was sent to boarding school in Connecticut for two extra years. His studies were again interrupted by the First World War. At eighteen he enlisted in a naval training unit but he took his training at Princeton where he was planning to go to college anyway.

He was a pleasant young fellow, a slow worker but painstaking. He was generally liked. At Choate he had managed the school paper. At Princeton he made the *Daily Princetonian*. His mother rented a house there one winter to make a home for her son. She played the college town hostess so agreeably that even that did not hurt him in the opinion of his classmates.

The family was so well off he did not have much stimulus to plunge into a career. He played with the idea of journalism, but went off to the Harvard Law School to please his father. He found the work there hard. He dropped out before finishing to take a job on the family newspaper. Then he went to Northwestern to take his degree. He was finding it harder to finish things than to begin them. Outings on the ranch out West, trips abroad interrupted his studies. When he finally did pass his law exam there was no question but that a young man of his prominence must be admitted to the most respectable law firm in Chicago.

Before knuckling down to the legal grind he rushed off for one last trip abroad. He had a notion it would be amusing to interview Chicherin. His father got him credentials from the Hearst papers and he made his way to Moscow. The foxy old Bolshevik foreign minister had no time for Middle Western journalists, no matter how prominent their families were in Illinois. After cooling his heels for a month in the Moscow Hotel Stevenson drifted back to his law firm in Chicago. A couple of years later he married Helen Borden, a wealthy young lady of artistic tastes who was considered the catch of the season. From then on his home was in suburban Chicago.

Organizing the Common Man

The depression was taking the glamor off the business of money-making for a whole generation, particularly for those who had plenty of money to begin with. The solid old Middle Western fortunes of such families as the Stevensons and the Bordens were rooted too deeply to be much damaged by the stock market crash. A young man with all the money he could spend could see no sense in making more. Newly married young Stevenson had hardly settled down to the routine of a law office when Franklin Roosevelt's election all at once made Washington the lodestar. For a Democrat and the son and grandson of a Democrat the attractions of New Deal Washington were irresistible. Roosevelt's fireside talks were filling young men, particularly well-heeled young men who felt they could afford it, with a desire for public service. Everything had to be reorganized from Washington.

In '33, during the famous hundred days, Stevenson was offered a job

with George Peek who was administering the AAA. Rewriting the rules for American life was bloodheating work. Hardly a man who underwent the first heady experience of telling the common man how to run his affairs (for his own good of course) ever got over the feeling that he was indispensable to the public business.

When Stevenson went back to Chicago he turned his attention to foreign affairs. Chicago was full of crackpots trying to tell the American people that the less they messed in foreign affairs the better. To combat the mistaken isolationists Adlai Stevenson began to make speeches. He became prominent in the Chicago Council for Foreign Relations. The Liberals, in their sacred horror of Hitler, were learning to tar with dirty names that stuck anyone who disagreed with them. Stevenson joined William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. The Liberals were bound they would stamp the isolationists out of the Middle West. There was no room for dissent in a country on the edge of war. When Roosevelt started building his two-party cabinet where Dr. Win-the-War was to take precedence over Dr. New Deal he offered a post to a newspaper owner of liberal views who had been the Republican nominee for Vice President in '36. When Frank Knox left the *Chicago Daily News* for the Navy Department in 1941 he took Adlai Stevenson along with him as his personal assistant.

Franklin Roosevelt had gone Woodrow Wilson one better. Having been re-elected for his third term in 1940 on a keep-the-peace platform, he so arranged things that the crazy Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and pushed us into war willy nilly. Washington hummed. The men who gathered in the nooks and crannies of the enormous war bureaucracy had the overwhelming imperative of a nation at war behind their conviction that it was their business to tell the common man what was best for him. The New Deal in its sprightly salad days had established a certain esprit de corps among the administrators. Roosevelt's war administration established a ruling mentality so profoundly self-righteous that any critic became an untouchable. The pleasant young man from Illinois held all the fashionable views. He made himself useful wherever he could. He played the airborne VIP on a number of errands for the Navy Department. He was in on the portentous London conference that laid the framework for the United Nations. Hardly a man came out of wartime Washington whose ways of thinking were not profoundly influenced by that environment. The Liberal tenets had become a dogma that a man questioned at his peril.

With the coming of peace there had returned to Chicago another man whose ways of thinking had been influenced by his war experience. Jacob M. Arvey did not belong to the better element. He had spent his life among men who fought their way to the top out of poolrooms and corner saloons, out of the slugging and gang-wars and the crass buying and selling of precinct politics. These men had no inheritance of altruism and ease. They made their living the rough way. They had managed to make the public business their business and a very good business they had made of it. When Jacob Arvey came back from the theaters of war a colonel, he astonished his associates, so the story went round Chicago, by telling them that things had to change. Clean politics was good politics from now on.

Maybe he had been touched by the sight of the common man dying for his country. Maybe the blind patriotism of the Marines had gotten under his skin. Maybe he felt the common man deserved a better deal than he had been getting from the politicians.

Colonel Arvey's Candidate

Illinois politics stank. Colonel Arvey had to admit Cook County was a sink. He began to look around for representatives of the better element he could back in a general housecleaning. He found a University of Chicago professor who wanted to run for Governor and the grandson of a Vice President who was willing to be convinced he might do well in the Senate. The upshot was, so they say round the Court House in Chicago, that Colonel Arvey ran Paul Douglas for the Senate and Adlai E. Stevenson for Governor.

In spite of being father and mother of three fine boys Adlai Stevenson and his wife were not getting on. It seems hard for the very rich to stay married. Mrs. Stevenson had her own ideas of a career. Her husband's politics bored her. She liked poets and painters. She felt it was important for a woman in her position to patronize the arts. And besides she had become a convinced Republican.

When Stevenson decided to go back to Bloomington to start his campaign from the grass roots he had to call

on his sister to open up the old family mansion for him. Bloomington, with a little prodding from devoted friends, greeted the candidate with a torchlight parade. People marched in old-time costumes. The ladies of the League of Women Voters pulled their grandmothers' dresses out of their attics. There were oxcarts and Model T Fords. They decorated a float with blownup photographs. "Three Generations of Stevensons." Such a crowd turned out to greet Bloomington's most distinguished citizen that Democratic leaders from all over the state were impressed. The Colonel hadn't been crazy after all. Contributions began to come in for the campaign.

Wherever he spoke Adlai Stevenson played the newcomer in politics, the reluctant candidate, the earnest amateur. His speeches were said to be over the common man's head. To everybody's amazement he was elected Governor by the largest plurality in the history of Illinois elections.

From Start to No Finish

There's still a certain amount of discussion in Illinois as to how good a governor Adlai Stevenson made. The state administration was an Augean stable. He seems to have done pretty well in cleaning up the Welfare Department which employs one third of all state employees and which had become an endowment fund for successful precinct captains. In other departments he seems to have had trouble in curbing the strong-arm boys. There was the cigarette tax scandal; some ingenious officials were found to be printing counterfeit tax stamps which enabled them to sell standard brands of cigarettes startlingly cheap. There was the horsemeat scandal; inspectors of the Health Department were conniving, for a price, with some enterprising butchers who had made the lucrative discovery that the common man couldn't tell whether he was eating horsemeat or cowmeat in his hamburgers. There was the case of Stevenson's Labor Director who was found to be involved in an insurance racket which was one of the Syndicate's sidelines on the West Side of Chicago. There was the mysterious explosion in a "model" mine at West Frankfort that killed 119 miners and made it painfully evident that somebody somewhere was failing to enforce the safety regulations. And on top of all that there was the public breakup of his marriage.

In spite of his easy circumstances Adlai Stevenson has not led an easy life. He is a lonely man. If it were not for the public service he would be hard put to it to know what to do with himself. While he was in the Governor's mansion at Springfield a reporter tried to interview him about his private life: he answered truthfully: "I haven't any."

In the winter of 1952 rumors began to fly that Adlai Stevenson would be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in that summer's Convention but he went ahead doggedly insisting on his decision to run for another term as Governor of Illinois. A conscientious man, he knew that it was his duty to finish the cleanup he had tried to begin. All his life he had been finding it hard to finish things once he began them. Everybody he saw began telling him that the Democratic Party needed him as its candidate for the Presidency. To run for Governor or to run for President. The decision was a tough one. In the end he let himself be talked into running against General Eisenhower for the Presidency.

The Liberals Loved Him

When he arrived at the Governor's mansion in Springfield after his nomination he was greeted by twenty-five thousand cheering people. His friends tell the story that late that night, to escape the buzz and hum of politicians clustering around him, he slipped out of the back door of the Governor's mansion and ducked through the hedge out onto the side street to Abraham Lincoln's old house. The astonished caretaker let him in and he sat for a while in the dark amid the old furniture of the front parlor. It was the only place he could find a little quiet. If the Rail-splitter had any advice to give his words have not been reported.

In the 1952 campaign Adlai Stevenson was very much the candidate of the better element. He tried to avoid the rubber stamps of political controversy. He argued rationally and well for a great many things that a great many people already believed in. No more than his opponent did he betray any basic understanding of the conflicts and powers that had come to dominate the world in the rackety mid-twentieth century. The Liberals loved his speeches. Not to try to understand was first imperative of their dogma. The college professors supported him. Their students supported him, and the reporters and columnists and radio and television performers, and the labor leaders who know what's good for the working man, and the social workers and the foundation bureaucrats who know what's good for all of us, and such of the old-time big city machines where Democratic bosses could still dragoon the electorate. If you check on the popular vote, you'll see that Dwight Eisenhower didn't win by such a large majority after all.

Towards the end of his campaign, when he was speaking in Pittsburgh, Stevenson received a painful reminder that he was still Governor of Illinois. A riot broke out in the state prison at Chester. The rioters had seized nine guards as hostages. The Governor flew back from Pittsburgh in the middle of the night and helped his Lieutenant Governor draw up an ultimatum to be read to the rioters. After a few shots over their heads from the state police they capitulated without further violence. Stevenson flew back to New York in time to address a rally at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

The men and women who saw him concede defeat at the Leland Hotel in Springfield came away full of admiration for his spirit. He remained the same smiling self-deprecating political amateur. The nomination had been forced upon him. He had done his best. He had no regrets. He told Lincoln's story of the small boy who stubbed his toe and said it hurt too much to laugh, but that he was too old to cry. His sister Mrs. Ives, who wrote tenderly and well of him in the book she helped get up for his 1956 campaign, reported that the only time she saw him near a breakdown was when he made his last address to the Illinois Legislature. He seemed on the verge of tears. Could it be that he knew in his heart that he should have stuck to his post as Governor?

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

One Whipping Boy, Two Nixons

The Liberal propaganda machine is speaking these days with two voices — and two vocabularies — about Richard Nixon. Its mass-communications media seem to be playing him fairly "straight"—as a vigorous campaigner, as Eisenhower's preferred running-mate, as, therefore, a properly-credentialed spokesman of current Republican orthodoxy. They did, no doubt, do a little card-stacking in favor of Stassen's attempt to substitute Governor Herter's name for Nixon's on the Republican ticket—by, for example, giving Stassen front-page space long after the futility of his enterprise was apparent. But the card-stacking was done so cautiously as to conceal from most of the target audience the Liberal managers' deep animus against Nixon, and their anxiety about that possible day off in the future when Eisenhower's death or disability could put Nixon in the White House. Only a practiced observer, that is to say, would have been aware of any attempt on the machine's part to influence the result. And of late—concretely, since the Convention—even a practiced observer would have to agree that Nixon has no proper complaint about the picture of him that is being communicated to the electorate in general.

The reasons for this, as they have been noted in this space from time to time, are several. The managers, though they prefer Stevenson to Eisenhower and suffer the agonies of death when they think of Nixon as Eisenhower's successor, 1) are happy enough with Eisenhower himself, 2) have therefore no reason to fight him as such, and, 3) in any case, have been so committed to him ever since the Geneva Conference that they *cannot* fight him with total vigor without looking foolish. And then, what with Eisenhower's having passed up repeated opportunities to get rid of Nixon, the use of the mass communications to drive a wedge between the two (by liking Ike and disliking Dick), has been, clearly, a hopeless venture. As Rousseau observed in a famous passage, ordinary people are not clever enough to be taken in with subtleties. And many of them understand the realities of American politics too well to fall for the kind of evidence the machine is in a position to produce as proof that Eisenhower and Nixon are different.

But with the machine media that circulate among the Liberal intellectuals—the *New Republic*, the *Reporter*, the *ADA World*, the *Progressive*—it is quite otherwise. *Their* readers, having no respect for the process by which political power is won in the United States, never take the trouble to learn anything about it—and are, in consequence, capable of believing anything about political reality that someone makes them want to believe. The subtler something is, moreover, the more likely they are to be convinced by it. With them, therefore, the machine has been busy —partly, no doubt, as practice for the job its mass media will take on about the eighth of November—prying Eisenhower and Nixon apart.

How? By getting across the idea that Nixon's succession to the Presidency, unlike Eisenhower's continuance in it, would be a major national disaster. How do that? By proving that Nixon, unlike Eisenhower of course, is an ambitious man, a man without a hard core of passionately-held principles, a man who says different and even contradictory things at different times and different places and is, therefore, hard to pin down—in short, a highly reprehensible fellow, who not only does all the things professional politicians all over America and on all levels of politics always have done, but does them more ably than most. How do it else? Why, by insisting off at the end, and at whatever cost in consistency, that Nixon —and here, if they proved it, he really *would* be unlike Eisenhower—*has on balance adopted positions Liberals don't like.*

How still else do it? Use rhetoric and, where all else fails, identify Nixon with McCarthyism.

Especially use rhetoric, which is mainly a matter of hitting hard at the reprehensibility and national disaster themes in terms of a vague "something" about Nixon, one doesn't know quite what, that makes people "distrust" Nixon. He is, says *ADA World*, a "somber issue"; the famous Nixon Fund incident stirred "deep doubts and misgivings," which have "survived"; "the slow turtle pace of history has caught up with the horse-racing gait of the young man from Yerba Linda," and the nation "has been taking what amounts to a long sustained nervous second look at him"; he is a "focal point of expressed concern"; the origin of the "steadily mounting distrust" of Nixon is the people's "inarticulate sense of being victimized by him"; he represents a "dangerous gamble with the nation's future."

Especially also, get across that the Liberals can't possibly depend on him. He voted "to cripple the public housing program," "to cripple rent control," "for abrogation of the anti-trust laws," "against public power and reclamation," "against aiding the farmer," "against the consumer [!]," "against labor," and "against civil rights." He voted (as a Senator)

(*Continued on* p. 20)

From a Pre-Election Notebook

JAMES BURNHAM

(Mr. Burnham has been driving slowly from New England to Minnesota to make observations bearing on the issues and outcome of the election.)

1. *Kent, Conn.* In this tough old village only two votes are reported to have changed from 1952, with one other doubtful. The headmaster of the well-known boarding school, here located, who voted for Eisenhower four years ago will this time join 90 per cent of his teachers in support of Stevenson. A lady of wealth and family known locally as an intellectual from her conversation and the reviews she wrote in younger days for the *New Republic,* will make the same switch. A writer who managed Eisenhower last time is the doubtful citizen.

All three give Nixon as the reason. Not reason, really, but symbol. None can specify a misdeed of Nixon's. It is just that he is awful, that it would be dreadful if he became President. In the strata represented by these three, the Democrats have succeeded in transforming "Nixon" into a negative trigger-word that sets off a bundle of adverse feeling.

In this year's campaign, Stevenson has dropped from the high road to vulgarity while the Republicans try to jack themselves up an intellectual notch or two. But, ironically, the Republicans are losing most of the few holdout intellectuals whom they picked up in '52. The Eastern intellectuals are for Stevenson, overwhelmingly, but with little of '52's ardor.

2. *Pleasant Valley, N. Y.* From a worker on a huge Dutchess County turkey farm, I learned that "the war issue" did not mean to everyone exactly what it seemed to in the papers. He said the usual about Eisenhower's having made peace and kept us at peace. But "Of course there'll be another war. There's always been wars. And if it comes in the next few years, well, Eisenhower looks like a better man to handle it."

3. *Modena, Ulster County, N. Y.* The solid, apple-cheeked apple farmer was full of complaints. "We're the last car on the train, we figure. The farmers are always last, but at least the wheat and cotton and corn farmers get their payments from Washington. There's no parity on apples."

"So you people are going to vote against Eisenhower so you'll get a better deal?"

"Well, no, I wouldn't say that. We don't get anything more out of Democrats than Republicans. The new city people coming out here are Democrats, but the farmers are old Huguenot stock. They don't change much."

4. *Roscoe, Sullivan County, N. Y.* "Around here," said the gas station attendant, "nobody's much interested in the election. The same troubles whoever's elected. Personally I'm absolutely neutral."

5. *Vestal, Broome County, N. Y.* The lady owner of the restaurant where we had breakfast was helping the girls with the tables as well as handling the cashier's desk. "This is Republican territory," she said between operations. "No Democrat ever got to first base around here, except the Mayor of Binghamton, and that's just because everybody likes him so much personally."

We hadn't seen either an Adlai or an Ike button in a day and a half, or any other election display outside of a couple of small party headquarters. No banners, signs, posters, stickers, photographs, nothing at all.

6. *Corning, Steuben County, N. Y.* The young glass blower from the Steuben division of the Corning Glass Company was particularly anxious to tell us that all the men in his division had registered and were going to vote. But for whom? "Well, that's the question," he said with a puzzled look. "Of course we like Ike, but you've got to get the best man."

7. *Salamanca, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.* The gas station attendant repeats what many others have told us: that there is little interest in any of the campaign issues. "Everybody will vote either the way they always vote, or for what they think is the best man."

8. *East Randolph, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.* A large "Eisenhower-Nixon" sign in a front yard—the first such display in more than four hundred miles.

9. *Randolph, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.* The young state cop driving the police car was nervous to be talking politics. Were the farmers in the area dissatisfied? "Sure, they're all plenty dissatisfied . . . . But they're all going to vote for Ike."

10. *Kennedy, Chautauqua County, N. Y.* The lady of the Antique Store has listened to many a farmer's complaint. "No, the Republicans won't keep them all this time, to hear them talk." And she told a long story of a neighbor and then another neighbor.

11. *Jamestown, Chautauqua County, N. Y.* The town was lively, in the midst of the annual furniture convention that has for generations brought in hundreds of buyers. Citizens for Eisenhower Headquarters was in the Jamestown Hotel. The party worker in command was, as party workers must always be, optimistic. "What I've found most surprising," she told me, "is the children and young people. They've come in by the hundreds."

I talked to a pretty high school freshman. "Oh yes, everybody in school is interested in the election—that's all we talk about. I guess the students in town are about evenly divided. Of course in my school we're mostly for Ike. And the faculty too. Except the social science teacher. He says if the *New York Times* can wait until the week before the election before saying who they're for, why can't he?"

"But how about registration?" I asked the party worker. "It's way down, I'm told, for the first two days in most of the towns—Elmira is off 2,000." A first frown appeared: "We're down a thousand so far. I can't quite understand it."

With Jamestown—its western pivot—we had finished New York's "southern tier." It seemed possible to draw conclusions. No issues are greatly exciting its voters. Nothing has happened that will lead any considerable number of them to shift their 1952 alignment. The normal heavy Republican percentage will undoubtedly be repeated. The only serious Republican problem is that more citizens than usual won't vote.

12. *Warren, Warren County, Pa.* On

the steps of the surprisingly large library there was a red-haired high school student with a little gold I-K-E on her jacket. Inside, the head librarian and her two assistants talked about the town and the election.

"Our big issue here is foreign policy, not the farm problem. The nearby farmers are only part-time, and they work in one of the plants. One of our industries does a lot of export business, and that gives point to the arguments. We're usually Republican, and it looks as if we would be again. Most people like the way the President has handled foreign affairs, and they like Secretary Dulles too."

But registration? Back in southern New York it was behind. "We've finished registration, and we're a thousand over 1952. A lot of the extra is from a last-minute drive by the Democrats. The unions sent in organizers to help them, and they dragged up people who have never voted in their lives. Whether they can get them to vote, and vote the way they want, is another question, though. Some of the people who were for Stevenson have been changing since his statements on the draft and the H-bomb."

13. *Mill Village, Erie County, Pa.* The young woman at the next table turned out to be secretary of the township registration board. "Most of the new voters are registering Democratic. Crops have been very bad this year because of too much rain, and some farmers are switching to Stevenson. At the furniture factories in Union City the workers are unorganized and low paid—they'll probably go for Stevenson too. But the men my age and a little older, who have been in the army and a lot of them in Korea or Europe, they're all for Ike."

14. *Cambridge Springs, Erie County, Pa.* We stopped for a brief visit with old friends here at Alliance, the admirable small college founded and supported by the Polish-American organizations.

"This is nearly Ohio, and old Taft country," they told us. "It's been a bad crop year, and our farmers don't like what Eisenhower has been doing to the Republican Party. They probably can't bring themselves to vote for Adlai, but they may just stay home. As for the Poles, they've always been Democratic and they still are. That's largely a myth about their switch in 1952—80 per cent stayed with the Democrats. There are Republican Poles in Milwaukee, but they're all McCarthy men—and most of the Democrat Poles are too. They don't like what Eisenhower did to McCarthy.

"The Democrats have always known how to handle the language groups better than the Republicans. The Democrats publish stuff in their languages, invite them to the clubhouse, give them jobs, and put a Pole or an Italian on the ticket. Look at how dumb the Republicans are. They needed a Catholic on the Supreme Court so they picked an Irishman who is going to net them zero, when there was a Polish candidate—Judge Gunther—100 per cent qualified."

15. *Ashtabula, Ashtabula County, Ohio.* With the crossing of the Ohio border, the tempo of the campaign stepped up. For the first time campaign buttons and car stickers were in frequent evidence. Huge billboards demanded votes for Senator George Bender—but none for his opponent, Governor Frank Lausche, who operates in his mysterious and effective way as what Bender complainingly calls "a phantom candidate."

16. *Mentor, Geauga County, Ohio.* The worker at the fabulously successful Wayside Gardens, that have turned a nursery into a major industry, was rather formal at first. "This is Republican territory—anybody can tell you that." But he thawed. "At least the owners of this place are Republican. Bull-headed Republicans, I call them."

And the workers? "We're Democrat. I wouldn't say it, and none of them will—you might get in plenty trouble. But it's simple. We figure that with the Democrats there's more in it for us."

17. *Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio.* In the restaurant kitchen, the cook explained that this always was a Republican town, but the Democrats have come with the big new factories, and there is now a Democratic mayor and city council. Over in Lorain a few miles away, with the huge U.S. Steel expansion, nationality groups have moved in—lots of Slovaks and in the last few years many Puerto Ricans. The Democrats usually get to them first. Even so, the county will probably give a Republican majority.

The business agent of the Building Trades Council did not agree. The State Federation of Labor had made a complicated endorsement: Stevenson for President, but the Republicans O'Neill and Bender for Governor and Senator. But a lot of local units were not going along for Bender.

"The unions have been really active in getting people to register. We went all out—literature, doorbell ringing, telephoning—and registration here is way up as a result. I and the others I work with are not party people. We're only interested in bread-and-butter issues: who is organized labor going to get the most from? We've endorsed plenty of Republicans when we can do better business with them. We think the Democrats nationally are better for us. Of course nobody goes for Stevenson personally, and nearly everybody likes Ike. Still I think the Democrats will carry this area and possibly the state."

This was also the opinion of the very intelligent staff member of the *Elyria Chronicle*, a vigorous paper in a fine new plant, that has, like the Lorain paper, endorsed Eisenhower-Nixon. "This region has always been rated 'normal' Republican. But with the tremendous industrial growth, the coming of the nationality groups, and the spread of the city into the countryside here, it is changing to normal Democratic, though the pundits don't recognize it yet. Oberlin College next door has also played a part in the process. Its faculty is very Left—even pink—and they are not only active themselves but have brought in dozens of outside speakers, many well-known figures, and almost all Liberals or leftists. The Democratic Party is much more adaptable in dealing with the nationality groups. Even down county, the farmers have been getting more organized, and in touch with the unions and through them with the Democrats. The Democrats should carry this county, and they may even take the state."

Any interest in a third party? "None at all." And that repeated the finding of every talk, from the beginning of the trip. Disgust with the two parties, if deep enough, translated into abstention. Except for this informed man and the friends at Alliance College, no one had heard of T. Coleman Andrews.

Letter from Los Angeles

FINIS FARR

This—Is California

If the rulers of the Ford Foundation ever get tired of financing cranks and nuisances, and would like to try something useful for a change, they might investigate the smog of Los Angeles. You see it most mornings from the hills above Sunset Boulevard, an ugly brown blanket motionless on the central city all the way to the horizon. By ten-thirty or eleven it has usually spread to Pasadena, and out to Beverly Hills as well. Its cause, experts agree, is an atmospheric suspension of industrial wastes, the smoke of home trash burners, and the exhaust fumes from millions of automobiles. Its effect, besides cutting off the Southern California sunshine, is to make one's eyes smart and to irritate the membranes of the nose and throat. Far beyond the joking stage, smog has come within reaching distance of the point where it could make this frantically growing city uninhabitable. Everyone from cabman to bank president agrees that "something will have to be done." But when, and by whom, no one quite seems to know.

Los Angeles is *sui generis*, and many of its proudest residents are quick to say it is actually more of an area than a city in the Eastern sense. In fact, the local newspapers have a way of referring to their bailiwick simply as "the Southland." A conservative local estimate is that four thousand new residents arrive in the Southland *per week*. Every family unit brings in or immediately buys at least one automobile—and a trash burner. Far out each valley spreading from the central plain, the shacks spring up, the freeways gore the countryside, and merciless traffic thunders on like a stock-car race.

In town for a short stay, I got in a cab at the Union Station, and had no sooner asked to be driven to one of the movie lots than the cabman began to tell me the story of his life, which he had written and hoped to sell. Inasmuch as he turned almost clear around to put over the dramatic highlights while we were going up the Hollywood Thruway at sixty miles an hour, he had in me an auditor who was not only interested in the outcome of his tale, but extremely apprehensive lest it turn out to be an unhappy one. Except for his literary interests, this cabman was like a great many motorists in the Southland. He drove, as a friend of mine at Paramount once said of another friend, like a man in a process shot.

But one must not judge a city altogether by such externals as traffic and smog, terrifying as both can be in Los Angeles. The endless boulevards, blazing with neon, are magically beautiful by night. The new Capitol Records Building, on the hill above Hollywood Boulevard, is round, like a stack of phonograph discs, and comes off very well. A couple of blocks away is the new "Music City," a vast record emporium with hundreds of listening booths and acres of tables holding the stock. The customers, mostly young, enter and leave through turnstiles presided over by watchful cashiers. Here one can see such items of local high fashion as the sort of Japanese shoe which has a strange glove-like aspect. Also to be noted is the combination of jodhpurs and ballet slippers, now thought somewhat on the conservative side. And why not? The President himself wears a Homburg hat with a morning coat.

Wilson Mizner remarked of Hollywood and its environs that no matter how hot it got during the day, there was always no place to go at night. A great many residents go home and look at television, and if they turn on the local stations, they can see some astonishing sights. The faith healers on Channel 13 are an example. I had a look at the Rev. Mr. Oral Roberts and the Rev. Mr. A. A. Allen; both are regularly engaged in publicly casting out devils, finding scriptural authority, I should suppose, in John, 4:12, though neither quoted this verse the night I saw them. The Rev. Mr. Roberts got a boy to stop stuttering, and a crippled woman to drop her crutches and walk. The Rev. Mr. Allen, young and clean-cut in Billy Graham style, dealt with a number of sufferers, on stretchers and apparently *in extremis*, each of whom, after exorcism, was able to get up and walk. The minister actually rebuked the evil spirit, basing his procedure, I presume, on Mark, 9:25. He shouted, "I *curse* this devil CAN-CAH!" Of what permanent good the healers may do, only those who keep careful records of the patients may profitably speak. But I can record that watching these scenes left me limp.

While Los Angeles is no great town for public going out, parties are another matter. The black-tie affair at the house high on the mountain above the old Pickford-Fairbanks estate had a moon so round and perfect it looked as though it might have been borrowed for the evening from 20th-Century Fox. Smog was gone for the night, and far below, the Wilshire area sparkled with cool, clear neon. The women stars looked as actresses ought to look: extraordinarily beautiful. (Ginger Rogers was the fairest one of all.) The British comedy star, who did a little turn, was murderously funny. There was dancing on the terrace, an opera singer in the drawing-room, and though the supply was unlimited, liquor consumption was small. The last car rolled away by half past twelve.

But for all such propriety and grace, one can't forget that this is California. This is the state, for instance, where James Roosevelt released a letter in which he assailed the reputations of several of his women friends. Not a single horsewhip landed on the fellow's back. Instead, they elected him to Congress. California, too, gave the nation the eminent social anthropologist, Chief Justice Earl Warren. So perhaps it is safe to say that they have their own ways of doing things out here. I was interested in reading about a liquor store thief who shot a clerk on duty, seriously wounded the man, and got away. So far, he would seem to be a routine phantom bandit familiar to newspaper readers anywhere. But here is the bizarre touch of the Southland: the weapon he used was a crossbow.

THE LAW OF THE LAND

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

The Supreme Court and the Liberals

Mr. Leo Pfeffer, a ritualistic Liberal, has published *The Liberties of an American — the Supreme Court Speaks.* The book is careful but pedestrian. What was striking to one who has followed the Supreme Court for many years was his affectionate, benevolent tone toward the Court—somewhat like that of an authorized biographer or a father describing the accomplishments of a brilliant son.

Ritualistic Liberals were not ever thus. In 1924 a principal plank in the platform of Senator La Follette, Progressive Party candidate for President, was the abolition of the power of the Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional. Some years later, Mr. Louis B. Boudin, a truly flaming Liberal, published *Government by Judiciary.* This scholarly work, most hostile to the Court, develops at great length the thesis that the justices since the beginning have been appointed and have decided cases on a policy basis. During this period, Chief Judge Edgerton of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, a most notable Liberal who was at that time a professor at the Cornell Law School, wrote "The Incidence of Judicial Control of Congress." This article condemned judicial control of Congress on the ground that the beneficiaries of such control were unworthy people, "smugglers," "exploiters of prostitutes," "illicit liquor dealers," "business," etc. As late as 1943 Professor Henry Steele Commager in *Majority Rule and Majority Rights* strenuously rejected judicial review as a means of protecting minority rights.

Illustrations of this former Liberal attitude could be continued indefinitely. And of course it was the Great White Father himself who made the most vigorous attack on the Court in its history, with the "court packing" plan of 1937.

In *A Preface to Democratic Theory,* Professor Robert Dahl remarks:

> Since the President and the Senate scrutinize carefully the views of appointees to the Court and since the appointees are usually members of the dominant party or sympathetic to its views, it is not surprising that sooner or later "the Supreme Court follows the election returns." What is surprising is that the interval is, in some cases, so long.

The explanation of the length of the "interval" also serves to explain both the reversal in the Liberal attitude toward the Court and the somewhat erratic operation of the Court in its control of Congress and State Legislatures. It is, of course, that because of life tenure a majority of the Court may at any given time represent the views not of the currently dominant party, but of the ex-dominant party. Some time is required before the dominant party can secure a majority. And because 1) health and longevity are most uncertain affairs, 2) the issues before the Court at any given time may be quite different from the issues with respect to which an appointee's views were considered, and 3) it often takes years for an issue to work its way to the Supreme Court, it is most difficult to predict how or when the Court will get around to "following the election returns."

Thus, because a majority of the Court in the first term of President Franklin D. Roosevelt were the conservative appointees of Republican Presidents, the legislation of that period was not well received by the Court. And today, as an aftermath of the New Deal, the Liberal intelligentsia are, proportionately, much more represented in the Court than in the legislative or executive branches; the Department of Justice is losing a lot of security cases. It is this contrast and resultant conflicts between the Court and the other branches that have caused such lively, although opposite, Liberal reactions in the thirties and the fifties.

On the other hand, because of deaths and retirements forced by ill health, there was a rapid turnover in the Court when President Harding and President Coolidge succeeded President Wilson; the World War I security measures, on reaching the Court in the twenties, were kindly received.

Yet prophets are often confounded when justices appointed in a climate of opinion with respect to one set of issues are confronted with new and different problems. Both Justice Black and Justice Minton were ardent New Dealers in the Senate in the 1930's, but in recent years they have responded very differently from each other to cases involving Communists. Chief Justice Taney was appointed by President Jackson as, in present day terms, a Liberal; many years later, he came to be known as a reactionary because of his decision in the Dred Scott case, a case involving issues not under consideration at the time of his appointment.

The combination of circumstances which has brought about the present Liberal enthusiasm for the Supreme Court does not seem likely to continue many more years, at least at the same pitch. If Mr. Eisenhower is elected, it is doubtful if he will replace the present somewhat elderly Liberal justices with appointees from the same group. If Mr. Stevenson is elected, his Liberal activities will be so much more spectacular than those of the Court that it will lose public attention, and conflict will stop. However, as already noted, the course of the Supreme Court is not easy to chart.

THE LIBERAL LINE

(*Cont'd from p.* 16)

"against the excess profits tax, against soil-conservation funds, against Korean War wage and price controls, for giving away Federal ownership of off-shore oil, and for the McCarran Act." And since he stopped voting and became a diplomat, he has really gone and done it by annoying Mr. Nehru, and we must ask ourselves, we Liberals that is: "If this man were to become President, might not the United States be engaged a decade from now in a sterile argument on the issue—who lost India?"

You know, like that sterile argument on the issue—who lost China?

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Footnote to an Old Controversy

Pasquale J. Vecchione, moderator, looked down from the podium of the Yale Law School Auditorium after the applause had died down and invited those members of the audience who wanted to address questions to the speakers to raise their hands. During the next half-hour hands went up, but never more than one or two at a time, and, for long, embarrassing periods during which Vecchione virtually begged for more questions, no hand at all.

That is, except one, a hand that had gone up the moment the question period began, and had stayed up, continuously, throughout the question period. It had begun to look almost like a fixture of the auditorium. But even when it was the only hand held high, standing out like a lighthouse in a dead sea, it was ignored by Pasquale Vecchione, president of the Progressive Citizens of America, Yale branch, host on this night in January 1948, to three distinguished speakers who had reported to the assembly on the consuming iniquities of the West.

From previous experience, Mr. Vecchione had reason to believe that the student who belonged to the persistent hand would not show the proper respect for the speakers. They were prominent fellow traveler Jerome Davis (identified in that morning's issue of the *Yale Daily News* as "a former professor at the Yale Divinity School" who had "traveled extensively" in the Soviet Union), prominent fellow traveler Israel Epstein (". . . well known [said the *News*] among readers of the labor press and periodicals . . . served with OWI . . . has written several books the latest of which is *The Unfinished Revolution in China*"), and prominent Chinese defector Marshall Feng ("Dr. Feng is one of the more notable figures in recent Chinese history, acting in the United States as a trenchant critic of the Chiang Kai-shek regime.")

The moderator declared the meeting adjourned, whereupon the neglected student rose to his feet and accused Mr. Vecchione of deliberately ignoring him, of suppressing the ventilation of opposed points of view at an allegedly open meeting, indeed, of employing tactics characteristic of "the group it is my opinion the PCA supports—*i.e.*, the Communists."

A long, bitter, and significant dispute developed. Defending his organization against the suggestion that it was influenced by Communists, Vecchione published a long statement calculated to establish, beyond peradventure, that "Mr. Bozell's charges are unfounded, unfair, malicious, and the product of a line of reasoning characteristic of fascists," and concluding that sanity would return to our troubled globe only if Henry Wallace were elected President. Bozell, in turn, prepared a document pointing to the long Communist-line record of the national directors of PCA.

The principals finally agreed to debate their differences, and collided before an overflow audience in the same auditorium in which Bozell had been snubbed. Vecchione began his address by insisting that the issue before the house was not whether PCA was infiltrated by Communists (it being crystal clear to all reasonable men that it was not) but how should society deal with the likes of Bozell?—"an unabashedly egocentric, warmongering smear artist." Bozell spoke quietly, but with a near-horrible precision. By the time he was through, the PCA's blood was all over the floor. PCA never fully recovered at Yale.

It was an exciting evening. It marked the zenith of the left wing at Yale University. Though scores of students and faculty rallied to the defense of Vecchione—labeling Bozell unclean—it was too late. He had been fatally wounded. Suffering a bad case of diminished prestige, he gradually yielded the generalship of the Wallace movement to a fellow graduate student, Robert Crane. Imperiously, Crane supervised the activities of the Wallace camp. His lieutenant in charge of the salvation of the undergraduate body was an energetic, scholarly young man named James Kelly. Backing him up in the faculty were such luminaries as Thomas Emerson, Fowler Harper, and David Haber of the Law School.

Crane arranged for pro-Wallace demonstrations, sponsored addresses on the need for progressive legislation, broadcast a defense of liberalism every week on the undergraduate radio station, and wrote and got written letters to the editor calling for a reversal of domestic and foreign policies. He had a hand, I suspect, in persuading a fellow Wallaceite to file suit against Professor Willmoore Kendall (for $50,000) for saying that those who were preparing to vote for Henry Wallace were "in effect transferring their allegiance to the Soviet Union."

The campus had entered into a period of prolonged uproar. Harry Truman was counted out by all hands, and the interesting quarrel, it seemed to many observers, was between Republicanism as symbolized by Taft, and Progressivism as symbolized by Henry Wallace. Charges that the signals were being called, in the Wallace camp, by Communists were denounced as outrageous. A statewide radio program, the Connecticut Forum of the Air, proposed as a topic of debate, "Is the Progressive Citizens of America dominated by Communists?" Professor Thomas Emerson, a member of the Board of Directors of the Connecticut Forum and national secretary of PCA, protested vehemently. He called upon the board of directors of the Forum to overrule the program director; the topic, he argued, "dignified" an accusation so preposterous on the face of it as to be fit for discussion only among fools, knaves and slanderers. The Board sustained the program director, whereupon the PCA imposed a statewide boycott; the moderator was unsuccessful in getting anyone from the Wallace camp to debate the resolution.

Crane, Vecchione, and Kelly capped

(*Continued on p. 23*)

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Happy Old Music

All of Broadway's technical magic will not, I am afraid, result in another production so full of beauty, grace and style as the American Opera Society's concert-stage version of George Frederick Handel's *Julius Caesar*. There, in the rather austere simplicity of Town Hall, without costumes, props, and even gestures, a happy group of young people created a spell of enchantment that no stage machinery could duplicate.

The secret lies in the manifest devotion of the artists to the work of art they were serving. The dense self-importance, the asinine arrogance of the modern performer had suddenly vanished. These young people were visibly going through the finest human experience—the incomparable satisfaction of serving a superpersonal purpose.

And it was an immensely worthy purpose. *Julius Caesar,* a Handel opera I had never heard before, was first produced in 1724—and its every musical phrase was a refreshing revelation to the punished contemporary ear. This music is still not afraid of the noble emotions, and yet it moves with a measured control of all sentimentality. It has the courage to master the tragic grandeur of its subject-matter with a majesty of its own. It is, in short, music.

The American Opera Society took to this music with a perfectly admirable fascination and a faithfulness that shone through every moment of the performance. Mr. Arnold U. Gamson, the Society's conductor, led the orchestra with a rare sense of style; and it was, in addition, a visual joy to *see* these men and women delight in the music they were evoking. For, somehow, this was neither a sophisticated nor a bored orchestra. These musicians, no matter what their birth certificates may tell, were young.

The singers, too, had lost the usual pompous inanity of the opera performer and, in modern evening dress, suddenly behaved like actors of antique tragedy. Mr. Cesare Siepi, who on the Metropolitan's stage can outham anybody, was a perfectly believable Caesar and sang with rare dignity. Miss Leontyne Price, for moments, *was* Cleopatra. But the one extraordinary performance was Mr. Russell Oberlin's Sextus. Mr. Oberlin, a counter-tenor with astonishing vocal equipment, gripped the listener's heart. I still don't know how he did it. There was no emphasized emoting, not the shadow of an affectation, and hardly a movement of his face. But I shall never forget him.

To think that all this devotion was spent on a single performance! The American Opera Society's director, Mr. Allen Sven Oxenburg, must have been persuaded by the enthusiasm of the audience that, in the widening desert that is Broadway, there is a desperate need for this kind of oasis.

Levittown Oscar Wilde

The new season's first Broadway play destined to be a hit is, to strike an entirely new note, about sex. *The Reluctant Debutante* sounds as if it were written, if it was written at all, by a Levittown Oscar Wilde. Its wit is lower-middle-class, its point of view left-of-lewd, its moral strictly middle-of-the-road. The author, Mr. William Douglas Home, claims to be British, but I don't believe him. No Englishman would so cruelly disclose the utter boredom of the life in general, and the marital life in particular, of the British upper classes. The thing smells suspiciously of Hungarian handicraft, and I would not be surprised if the author's real name turned out to be Lajos Bus-Fekete.

The Reluctant Debutante should be endorsed by all Puritan societies devoted to the abolition of sex. For it is one of the many contemporary theater concoctions which succeed in achieving the almost impossible: they make sex boring. They also make it repulsive. And this because, among other things, the women in all these plays are so damnably "realistic"—which, in the eyes of a Levittown Oscar Wilde, is tantamount to making them look blowsy, sound stupid, act greedy, talk lewdly, move suggestively and, altogether, be dull bitches. Contemporary playwrights seem to be mingling with the wrong kind of women.

Those presented in *The Reluctant Debutante* are so British that it hurts. Also, they are prone to speak in *single-entendres.* Seventeen-year-old Jane Broadbent (played by Miss Anna Massey with the most self-conscious innocence I have encountered in years) is being exhibited in the marriage market of London's society, and the "comedy" centers around the possibility that the strange mating habits of the British upper classes could easily lead to ordinary seduction. Whether or not Little Jane *has* been seduced before she becomes engaged to the guilty party, I don't know and couldn't care less. For, to begin with, I couldn't figure out why the young man should go to any trouble at all. In fact, I left the theater pondering the age-old question how the British manage to propagate.

Still, *The Reluctant Debutante* is the season's first Broadway success. The audience just loved it, and especially the middle-aged ladies in that audience welcomed every suggestive platitude with a veritable belly laugh. Why this is so I don't know. (Sample: Jane says to an eager suitor: "You are oversexed." End of joke. Belly laughs of middle-aged ladies.) But, judging by New York's theater audiences, I find the mores and the inanity of the middle-aged much more disturbing than juvenile rock 'n roll.

One of the identifiable reasons for the play's success is its shrewd direction by Mr. Cyril Ritchard. He tilted its style, which is late Hungarian, toward early Restoration comedy, with farcial exaggeration, stylish affectation, and all. Strangely enough, the understatement of Jane's harassed father, played by Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, does not collide with the thick clowning. Somehow his dropped points blend perfectly with the shrill feminine voices that are the play. The secret, I guess, is that Mr. White is very funny.

On the whole, *The Reluctant Debutante* is the kind of play I would promote among the more radical labor unions. For I cannot imagine that anybody could see it and still envy the upper classes.

To the Editor

Suez Problem

I raise my voice with Mr. Rothbard [letter, September 8] in protest at [your] analysis of the Suez situation . . . . We are not bound so tightly to any foreign ally, much less such shaky ones as Britain and France . . . that we must support them in the use of military force in such a controversy as this. Our allies can scarcely contend with Nasser on moral grounds when their own full-flowered socialism . . . nationalizes the private interest of their own citizens . . . .

Ludlowville, N.Y. DICK HODSON

Mr. de Toledano Replies

When I wrote "Notes for a Controversy" [Sept. 22], it was my earnest hope that it would launch a serious discussion of the conservative dilemma in America. Instead, Gerhart Niemeyer ["Too Early and Too Much," Oct. 13] has paid me the compliment of evading the points I raised and going off on a double tangent.

1. Mr. Niemeyer argues that "conservative" is no more than a word. ("Mr. Bones, a chicken ain't nothin' but a bird.") But words, however ornate their connotative superstructures, do have meaning.

2. He holds that it is "premature" to articulate a conservative philosophy in America, that we "must not be rushed." After 350 years of the American experience, this point of view seems rather odd. Those of us who were "premature anti-fascists" and "premature anti-Communists" may have been treading on the heels of our contemporaneity, but we can hardly plead guilty to "premature conservatism."

The point of my piece, simply stated, was this: That America has never been a conservative nation, that we have had thinkers and doers of a conservative *bent* but no conservative tradition, and that the time had come for the philosophers among us to distill from our history those conservative elements which could make for the beginnings of such a tradition.

Mr. Niemeyer has left my thesis untouched. He has, moreover, muddied it over by confusing "tradition" (fluid and organic) with "system" (rigid and static). Like "conservative," these are merely words. But until Mr. Niemeyer devises another way to communicate ideas, they will have to do.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Segregation Issue

"Notes for a Controversy" by Mr. de Toledano reminds us of the sad truth that a man may be wise in some matters and foolish in others. We regret that Mr. de Toledano is poorly informed on . . . the real necessity for segregation in the public schools of the South.

Cardinal, Va. MRS. R. W. ORRELL

A British View

I read with great interest Mr. Buckley's reply to the recent attacks on NATIONAL REVIEW by three exponents of American "Liberalism" [August 1]. Yet . . . I still think that John Fischer, Dwight Macdonald and Murray Kempton are probably fair-minded and logical in comparison with the mouthpieces of "Liberalism" in this country, from Rebecca West upon whom the mantle of the late high priest of "Liberalism," H. G. Wells has descended, down to such obscure fry as Christopher Sykes.

At least NATIONAL REVIEW is attacked for the views which it holds. In Great Britain not only are such views not deemed to exist, but numerous historical facts referred to in its pages are not deemed to have happened.

Thus the outstanding outcome of World War Two is unquestionably the mass deportation of the inhabitants of that vast area of Eastern Europe extending from the Gulf of Finland to the sources of the Oder. But . . . no book on this gruesome subject has been published in Great Britain, and if such a book were published [here] it would be received with icy silence by the reviewers and critics.

Round this subject and a score of similar subjects an Iron Curtain of Discreet Silence has been carefully draped. . . . To offend "Liberal" susceptibilities is just one of those things which are "not done" in Britain.

I maintain therefore that these attacks on NATIONAL REVIEW testify indirectly to the freedom of speech still enjoyed in the United States. Facts and opinions can no doubt be "smeared" in America but they are not banned from mention. . . .

Brighton, England F. J. P. VEALE

Recalls Washington's Phrase

Your weekly issues are proving fascinating, at least to this reader. Your book reviews are the best I have seen in a *long* time, in the authentic American tradition. As I read your various articles, I think of that phrase of George Washington, "a standard to which the wise and honest can repair."

South Miami, Fla. HAROLD W. DORN

THE IVORY TOWER

(*Cont'd from p.* 21)

the year's activities with a spectacular demonstration on the New Haven Green against the emergent militarism of the West (the draft), the division of Europe into armed camps (the Marshall Plan), the proposed measure to outlaw political dissent (Mundt-Nixon Bill), and plans to abolish humanity (atom bomb tests); and, of course, the unspeakable activities of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and anyone else trading in guilt by association.

Two weeks ago, a young television repairman appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in New Haven and testified that between 1947 and 1950 he had been a member of the Communist Party, which he had joined in order to forward information to the Federal Bureau of Investigation on the activities of Communists in the New Haven area. Yes, there had been some Yale students who were members of the Communist Party during that period.

Among the members of the Communist Party were James Kelly, Robert Crane, and Pasquale Vecchione.

Well, well, well. Who would have guessed it? They certainly fooled you, didn't they, Professor Emerson? And you, Professor Harper? And you, Professor Haber? It never occurred to you they were Communists. Did it, now?